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Mr. Root's Argument.

No circumstance in the present campaign is more certain to awaken general regret than the fact that for obvious reasons the arguments advanced by the principal speaker at the Manhattan Casino on Friday night cannot be answered by the Hon. ELIHU ROOT. Answered they will indeed be, completely and definitively, but no one can fail to regret that all answers will lack something of that effectiveness which characterizes the public utterances upon political subjects of the junior Senator from this State at his best.

Of the arguments themselves it is necessary to say but little. Stripped of all nonessential details, they amount to an assertion that the only possible insurance against a third term for THEODORE ROOSEVELT lies in the election of Mr. ROOSEVELT's candidate for Governor in this State. This declaration was directed straight at the thousands of Republicans whom the speaker well knew had announced their intention to vote the Democratic ticket this year because of their disgust at the methods and apprehension over the motives of THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Not even the captivating ingenuity of this argument, however, can conceal its fundamental weakness. It is doubtless brilliant, but the difficulty is it is not true, it is not sound. On the contrary, on the night of election when the news of Democratic success in this State is announced there will not be a single person from one end of the country to the other who will not instantly recognize and realize that there has been defeated, not a ticket nor a candidate, not a party nor a party's president, but THEODORE ROOSEVELT. East and West, North and South, the fight in New York is accepted simply and clearly as one man's personal campaign.

Not less clear is the fact that for Mr. ROOSEVELT such a defeat will not be a pledge of strength hereafter, but a sign of ultimate political dissolution. His strength in the nation has rested primarily upon the fact that he was believed to be the one Republican in public life who combined the support of the East with the confidence of the West. He and no one else, it was believed, could carry New York as a conservative and yet hold Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska as a radical. Other men there were whom the conservative East preferred, other men there were whom the radical middle West trusted more completely. THEODORE ROOSEVELT alone was possible on both sides of the Alleghanies.

It is a matter of commonest knowledge that the Saratoga platform shook the confidence of the middle West in THEODORE ROOSEVELT to the depths. A defeat in New York, an utter and complete rout, would leave him shattered in the East. Repudiated by his own State he would have for the people of the middle West, who obviously regard him with suspicion and distrust, not a single appeal not possessed by their own local leaders. After such a defeat he would have no argument, not even that of expediency, to advance for further support of his personal fortunes by the middle West.

Despite the arguments presented by the Hon. ELIHU ROOT, we believe that jury whose verdict he has already foreshadowed will continue to believe that the time to defeat THEODORE ROOSEVELT in 1912 is now in 1910 and that the place to defeat him is in this his own State.

Four Weeks of Portugal's Republic.

Nearly a month has passed since King MANUEL was turned out, and as little is known about the condition of affairs in Portugal outside of Lisbon as on the morrow of the revolution. Apparently the Portuguese pool is so stagnant that even the massive programme of reforms proclaimed by Senhor BRAGA and his colleagues cannot stir it. The revolutionists probably have left the local administrative and judicial authorities undisturbed, and it may be that the average Portuguese, except in the cities, is under the impression that the trouble means merely another change in the Ministry, a matter over which he need not get excited.

Meanwhile the provisional Government in Lisbon continues to transform the land by means of gloriously sweeping academic proclamations, and seems undisturbed by the fact that it has not been recognized officially by any. [illegible] no hurry to give some semblance of legal [illegible] calling together [illegible] of Portuguese [illegible] representatives of the [illegible] professors [illegible] gal are [illegible] spirit [illegible] are put [illegible] ernment, a process which does away with the trouble of discussion, universal suffrage, separation of Church and State, banishment of the Jesuits, free and easy divorce, all matters that are settled in a twinkling by a stroke of the pen. So far no evidence has appeared of what support these measures are likely to receive from the army and navy and from the greater part of the Portuguese people. All that we hear of is apathetic acquiescence for the time being.

It is a curious and humiliating sign of how little importance Portugal has in Europe that nobody seems to care about what is going on there. Though Lisbon and Oporto are important sea ports, business has gone on as usual, without any official notice of the change in Government being taken by the nations whose ships ply there. Like the Portuguese people, the Powers are apparently willing to wait indefinitely to see what may turn up. The news agencies have not had the enterprise to find out what the country thinks nor what the regular political parties are likely to do. What is stranger, considering how much British capital is invested in Portugal, the London newspapers have shown as little interest in the matter. The *Times* has been content with the ordinary news reports, and the *Chronicle's* "enterprising correspondent," who described vividly the havoc on warships which were not there and other picturesque incidents of the Lisbon outbreak, had no heart for prosaic business.

Senhor BRAGA and the republicans may have the nation behind them, but that has not been demonstrated yet. They may be kept in place by the toleration of the practical politicians until these have found an acceptable solution for the difficulties created by the removal of the King. Their tenure of office certainly seems precarious, and even more precarious seems the fate of the reforms they are trying to institute. However desirable, they cannot endure by proclamations and decrees alone.

The Failure of Disfranchisement in Maryland.

It may be doubted whether the decision rendered by Judge THOMAS J. MORRIS in the United States Circuit Court in Maryland invalidating the law of 1908 which sought to exclude negroes from local elections would if affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States have the effect of erasing the "grandfather clause" from the statute books of several Southern States.

The Annapolis law, as it is called in Maryland, could be sustained only if it were determined that the Fifteenth Amendment did not apply to all public elections, State or local as well as national. The framers of the Annapolis law contended that as Maryland had never accepted the Fifteenth Amendment the Legislature in regulating local elections was not bound by it; they conceded that no law could be put on the statute book to prevent absolutely the participation of negroes in Congress elections. By excluding negroes from the registration lists made up for municipal elections they planned the virtual disfranchisement of the negro. Three negroes denied registration in Annapolis brought suit against the Democratic officers under Section 1979 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, which provides that every person who under color of any State law deprives a citizen of any right secured by the Constitution and laws of the United States shall be liable to the person injured in damages. To establish their case the plaintiffs had to show that that part of the Annapolis law excluding them from local elections was unconstitutional. So Judge MORRIS has held in the following simple terms:

> It was primarily the right of suffrage which was to be protected against any restrictive legislation of the States which was the subject matter dealt with by the Fifteenth Amendment and the Revised Statutes. And considering the purpose of the law it does not seem that any other construction can be defensible.

As to the contention that the Fifteenth Amendment applies only to Congress elections Judge MORRIS says:

> Nothing in the way of interpretation by the legislative body which itself framed the amendment could be more significant than the enactment (Section 2004) passed by Congress immediately upon its adoption. I do not find in the cases cited from the Supreme Court anything opposed to that interpretation. It seems clear that when in the Fifteenth Amendment it is declared that the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by any State on account of race or color it means what Congress understood it to mean, namely, the right to vote at all public elections.

The plea that the defendants were not liable in damages because they were directed by a State law not to register negroes Judge MORRIS disposes of by saying:

> In enforcing the discriminating provisions of the State statute the registers were doing and intended to do an act forbidden by the supreme law of the land, and for doing which the State statutes could afford them no protection.

If it be assumed that the Supreme Court will affirm Judge MORRIS's decision it does not follow that the "grandfather clause" in the Constitutions of Southern States will be declared invalid in consequence. The effect of the "grandfather clause" is to disfranchise negroes as a class, but it must be remembered that it is possible for a negro to vote in spite of it, and the exceptions, it has been maintained, save the law. In Louisiana, for instance, there are educational and property qualifications that affect the negroes (disfranchising most of them), but which the whites are permitted to evade if they were voters in any State on January 1, 1867, or the sons or grandsons of such voters. It should be noted that the privilege of registration by those taking advantage of the provision expired on September 1, 1898. The intent of this, the "grandfather clause," was to shut out all negroes who could not read and write or who did not own property worth $300. A sufficient defence to the challenge of this famous device would be the production of any negro who could qualify under it. The Maryland and the Louisiana cases are not parallel. In Louisiana the application of the Fifteenth Amendment to local elections is not denied. What is sought to be done there, and so far successfully, is to minimize the force of the Fifteenth Amendment by an enactment that disfranchises the ninety and nine, but admits the one-hundredth to the suffrage. It is a discrimination that just escapes being unconstitutional by a finely drawn technicality.

Folk Songs or Not?

The recent publication of a volume of negro minstrel melodies has again brought out the frequent assertion that the songs of STEPHEN C. FOSTER are folk songs. Mr. FOSTER's melodies may be beautiful in themselves, strongly national in their nature, and they undoubtedly reflect the characteristics of a large section of the population of the United States. But they are certainly not folk songs in the sense that word is understood by musicians.

It is not enough to entitle Mr. FOSTER's songs to the description of folk songs that they have been recognized from one end of this country to the other as a most characteristic contribution to American music, perhaps the most characteristic in all original music of this country's national school. Nor is their musical composition, however simple that may be, sufficient to make a composition so essentially a song of the people that it deserves the special name of folk song, which in musical literature has a specific meaning. The mere fact that a song may have clear and fluent melody, be composed without harmonic intricacy, and be sung by a whole people, does not yet serve to put it in the category of folk songs as they are understood by musical authorities.

Folk tunes, as one authority has poetically expressed it, are the wild flowers in the realm of music. They spring up from the life of the people, and their origin is no easier to trace than the cause of the weed's growth. No composer, therefore, who deliberately sets to work to compose a song can ever call it a folk song, however expressive it may be of the character of a people. He may compose melodies that are in the form of folk songs, and noted composers have interested themselves in experiments of this kind. Sometimes they are a severe test of a composer's musicianship and scientific skill. But whatever else they may be, they cannot be called folk songs. It is the deliberate and artificial birth of STEPHEN C. FOSTER's songs that keeps them out of this class.

On the other hand, genuine folk songs have often inspired composers to some of their noblest efforts. HAYDN, who disdained nothing that came to his hand, made use of folk songs, and so in a later century did FRANZ LISZT. FRANZ SCHUBERT also found a spark to inflame his genius in the same kind of Hungarian melodies that LISZT had employed, and so did JOHANNES BRAHMS. CHOPIN, TSCHAIKOWSKY, DVORAK and GRIEG imparted to their compositions some of the perfumes from these wild flowers, and the greater BEETHOVEN did not ignore this same inspiration. Yet these composers went to the songs that had sprung from the hearts of the people. They were not satisfied to seek their inspiration from any copies of them or from any works of composers who had successfully caught the spirit and character of genuine folk music.

Does It Mean the Partition of Persia?

The ultimatum which the British Government has addressed to Persia regarding the improvement of conditions in the southern part of that country has met the reception that must have been expected by Sir EDWARD GREY. In it Germany professes to have discovered the first steps in the partition of Persia between Great Britain and Russia, and the "jingoes" have a new basis for a serious Anglo-Germanic misunderstanding.

In his note the British Foreign Secretary gave the Persian Government three months in which to restore the security of trade routes in southern Persia; if this is not done Great Britain will take over the policing of the routes with a force organized locally, but under the command of Indian army officers. The expenses are to be defrayed by a surcharge upon the Persian Gulf customs. The acquiescence of Russia was secured before the note was sent. Russia has already a considerable force at Tabriz and Teheran, and in spite of the opposition of the Persian Government refuses to remove her troops, on the ground that they are necessary to the maintenance of order. The British, it is claimed, are following the example of Russia and are endeavoring to secure the same position through the presence of troops in southern Persia that Russia has in northern. The Berlin newspapers treat the British note as a "death knell of Persian independence." The *Kreuz Zeitung* makes this comment:

> The allied English and Russians seem to be getting tired of dry diplomacy, and are setting out to swallow together the fat morsel which they have long been coveting. Some days ago we reported the mortgage of the customs dues of the Persian Gulf ports to England and suggested that this must be regarded as the first step toward the partition of Persia. Since then the British Government has thrown off the mask altogether and has announced in sharp language to the Government in Teheran that the moment for the partition of Persia has drawn near. England first attempted to induce Russia to withdraw from Persia and to leave the spoil to England alone. When this attempt failed, and Russia, in view of the cost of the Persian adventure, demanded positive compensation, the two Powers, it seems, agreed to proceed together to settle the Persian question.

The British disclaim any such intention, declare that they have endured the gradual decline of their trade in southern Persia with "unexampled restraint," and that the present condition in that section is "without a parallel in any civilized country." Although the country is without railways and most of the roads mere pack trails, yet in peaceful times Great Britain had a lucrative trade, and one in which she had a preponderance. Now even such important routes as those from Bushire to Shiraz and from Bander Abbas to Kerman are held by brigands. Shiraz is the seat of fierce rivalry between wild tribesmen, and the port of Bushire is perpetually menaced. Such a state of anarchy exists, it is claimed, that consular and military offices have been attacked, harmless travellers robbed, and caravans have become the prey of roving bands of freebooters. The British Government has filed frequent protests, but nothing beyond promises have come of them. "For all administrative purposes," says the London *Times*, "the Persian Government has ceased to exist south of Ispahan, and it shows no signs of regaining control."

An important aspect of this new policy and the one that is interesting Germany is that the duties of the police will be outside of the technical "sphere of interest" assigned to Great Britain by the Anglo-Russian agreement of 1907. The routes from Bushire to Ispahan and from Mohammera at the head of the Persian Gulf to Ispahan, as well as a part of the route from Teheran to Bagdad, are within the "neutral zone." The assent of Russia to a British force in this section is held as evidence of an understanding between the two countries to go beyond the original spheres of interest and eventually to occupy the entire of Persia.

The Persian Government has shown little inclination to exercise authority in the south. While the present is considered the most efficient Government that the country has had since the new order of things, it has paid so much attention to affairs at Teheran that it has permitted outlying provinces to take care of themselves. The lack of funds is given as the initial difficulty in the way of maintaining order. Persian representatives are at present in Europe endeavoring to float a loan through the Imperial Bank; should they succeed this obstacle would be removed. But, England asks, would this fund be applied to the pacification of the country?

Persia has yet three months in which to restore order, but judging from the past there seems to be little reason to believe that she will better conditions in the south. The British, then, according to the present programme, will undertake to police the country. In doing so, will they be taking the "first step for the partition of Persia"? Such a course would cause uneasiness in Afghanistan and other interior Asiatic States, and in the destruction of the independence of the intellectual head of Islam would imperil British prestige in the Moslem world, of which England rules such a large part. It would extend the border of the Indian Empire into a region where there is no natural frontier. Hitherto Russian and British possessions have nowhere touched, but have been separated by great deserts or impassable mountains; the partition of Persia would mean that the border guards of these empires would look into the whites of each other's eyes for the first time, and that the British and Russian territory would for the first time in history be contiguous for hundreds of miles.

> I will not say that the campaign is grand, but I will say that it is gloomy and peculiar.—*Former Governor* DURBIN *of Indiana.*

How can it be otherwise than grand? Would the Governor refer to BEVERIDGE as the Gloomy and Peculiar Young Man?

> I am glad Mr. ROOSEVELT is beginning to be so like us. We are already beginning to look on the Colonel as a comrade.—*Socialist candidate for Congress.*

Referred to the Republican State committee. There is still time to circulate it in poster form throughout the doubtful districts.

"You no longer have a frontier," said a foreign visitor at Deadwood, who had read deeply in wild Western tales and was disappointed at finding no open gambling, dance halls, or long haired cowboys "shooting up the town." He might have gone further and found more evidence. The saloon men in the Indian lands of northern Minnesota complain that business is poor because the red man spends no money for "firewater," but buys shawls for his "old woman" and candy for his "pappoose." And out in western Idaho they caught a horse thief alive and gave him a trial by jury.

WADHAMS of Wadhams also spoke.

Thermopylæ in Twenty-third Street.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: In the construction of a large building on the south side of Twenty-third street between Sixth and Seventh avenues, at about No. 150, passersby find themselves compressed into a passageway about five feet wide or less. Much of the time even this narrow tunnel has been impeded and blocked by workmen trundling loaded wheelbarrows into the excavation, and sometimes a truck has been backed up across even the little strip of sidewalk, completely blocking it, so that all pedestrians have had to walk out into the street and upon the car tracks to get around the obstacle.

Piles of debris have at times been heaped upon the street between the sidewalk and the tracks. The travelling public is much inconvenienced by what seems to be an extraordinary privilege. Does not a city ordinance prohibit this invasion of sidewalk rights to such an extent? And if so, is the contractor simply ignoring it and trusting to the benevolent apathy of the people who pass and repass the point in an endless procession during the busy hours of the day, or is there a bit of graft back of it which insures to this contractor immunity from the obnoxious notice of any one but an ORDINARY CITIZEN.

NEW YORK, October 29.

The Bahamas.

From the London Chronicle.

The Bahamas have no descendants now of the Indians whom Columbus found there. They were carried away by the Spaniards to work in mines and pearl fisheries elsewhere, when they were not ruthlessly exterminated. Of the white population many are the descendants of the Loyalists of Georgia and South Carolina who fled hither when the United States became independent. The blacks' speech presents one specially curious feature: they exchange their vs and ws, exactly as the Londoner did when Mr. Weller insisted upon spelling his name with a "We."

A Monument to Father Corby at Gettysburg.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Yesterday there was dedicated at Gettysburg a monument to Father Corby, of the Eighty-eighth New York—later General of the Order of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame, Ind.—who, standing on a rock under fire in the late afternoon of July 2, 1863, gave absolution to the Irish Brigade and incidentally the other troops of Caldwell's First Division of Hancock's Second Corps before they plunged to the relief of Sickles. They left one-third of their number on the field.

FAUGH A BALLAGH.

NEW YORK, October 29.

A Campaign Song of the '40s.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Reading in to-day's issue the letter of "H. J. W." about the political music of the '40s recalls to me the following, which I think must be a part of the same song "H. J. W." gives two lines of:

> If I had five dollars in specie
> I tell you what I would do.
> I'd buy a barrel of hard cider
> And drink to old Tippecanoe.

NEW YORK, October 27. H. L.

A "Sport."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: A despatch in to-day's SUN is headed "Hail Roosevelt as a Sport; French Society Awards Him a Prize." Does this refer to the definition of "sport" in the dictionary, "an abnormal variety or growth"?

NEW YORK, October 28. B. H. S.

GOLDWIN SMITH'S STORY OF HIS LIFE AT OXFORD.

I.

The Great Lights of the University in the Middle of the Last Century—Personal Reminiscences of Newman, Pusey, Keble, Thomas and Matthew Arnold.

I matriculated at Christ Church and was thus brought into brief contact with Dean Gaisford. The dean was called the Athenian Blacksmith, and both parts of the nickname were well deserved. He was a first rate Greek scholar, though I venture to think that as an editor of the classics he adheres somewhat slavishly to certain manuscripts. But for his manners his friends could only say that his heart was good; which, as an autopsy was not possible, could give little satisfaction to those who suffered from his rudeness. "Cultivate classical literature, which not only enables you to look down with contempt on those who are less learned than yourself, but often leads to places of considerable emolument even in this world." Such was the comic analysis of one of Gaisford's university sermons, and probably it was scarcely a caricature.

However, from Christ Church I was soon transferred to Magdalen, where at the instance of my good friend Frederick Bulley, afterward president, I was nominated to a demyship by the president, Martin Routh. My Magdalen, like my Eton, was a relic of the past. It had forty fellowships, thirty demyships or scholarships, and a revenue of £40,000 a year, besides its rich dower of historic beauty. It took no commoners, and its educational output in my time was eight or ten undergraduate demys and one gentleman commoner, who, being under the phantom authority of the nonagenarian president, lived in a license beyond even the normal license of his class. Frederick Bulley, afterward president, did something for us as tutor, at least in the way of most kindly interest and encouragement; but we really depended for instruction upon private tutors, "coaches" they were called. I was coached at different times by Congreve, then fellow of Wadham and a strong Liberal and Evangelical of Arnold's school, afterward a Comtist and head of one section of the Positivist Church in England; by the excellent Mountague Bernard, afterward professor of law, and what was perhaps more important one of the founders of the *Guardian*; and by Linwood, the author of an edition of Æschylus, and the editor of the "Musæ Oxonienses." Linwood was a prodigy. He had written in an examination ninety-nine Greek iambic verses, which may be seen slightly cut down in the "Musæ Oxonienses," and which might easily pass for an extract from a second rate play of Euripides. But he never sustained his undergraduate reputation. His Æschylus is jejune, and he somehow ended in eclipse.

I was fortunate in the members of our little circle of demys. With pensive interest I recall their names. One of them I saw afterward a Roman Catholic priest. We lived a happy life in our junior common room, seeing perhaps rather too little of the university outside, though my Eton connection gave me acquaintances. Our star was Conington, afterward professor of Latin, who had come up from Rugby a wonderful scholar with a miraculous memory and carried everything before him in examinations. His figure was rather grotesque, and there was about him a touch of the Dominie Sampson which tempted little practical jokes, though the story of his having been put under the pump is totally baseless and utterly unjust to his college mates, who were all of them as quiet and well bred as they could be. His learning perhaps was superior to his taste; but he was a great scholar, and would have been greater had not his life been cut short. He seemed to be the toughest of men, and little did I think that I should survive him.

My kind father allowed me a horse, and pleasant rides I had over the higher country round the flat on which Oxford is built, by Bagley, Elsfield, Wood Eaton, Stow Wood, Beckley and other points of beauty. The country was more open to the horseman then than it is now. Lord Abingdon kindly lent me a key to his lovely park at Wytham. Those rides were favorable to reflection as well as to health and enjoyment. The beauty of the college itself, with its Gothic quadrangle, its lawns and its deer park, was a perpetual delight. It would be hard to say whether the quadrangle looked its best under the summer sun or under the winter moon when the snow lay on its roofs. Once more I was happy in æsthetic influences as an element of education.

About our president, Martin Routh, much has already been written. He died of an accidental malady in his hundredth year. He had lived with Parr. As an undergraduate he had seen Dr. Johnson. He had seen the elevation of the house of Temple to the peerage, and he saw its fall. Yet he had been so wrapped up in his study of the fathers and such a recluse that he had little to say about the times through which he had lived; outside of his books county genealogies were his theme. He was never seen but in full canonicals of the fashion of the last century. Somebody bet that he would show Routh without his canonicals and thought to win the bet by crying "Fire!" of which Routh was horribly afraid, at the dead of night under his window. Routh at once appeared in a great fright but in full canonicals. Such was the story. Routh prolonged his life by excessive care, living as it were under a glass case and never going abroad except in the finest summer weather. On a Sunday in summer at afternoon chapel there would sometimes be a movement among the visitors in the ante-chapel, which with the reverential attitude of the porter and presently the shuffling of aged feet announced the president's approach. Till near the end of his life Routh presided at the terminal examinations, collections, as they were called, when he would put questions on the history of the Odyssey and explain that in those days no indecency was involved in the attendance of ladies on gentlemen in the bath. His deafness, increased by his wig, combined with his old fashioned respect for rank, once led to a funny incident. A gentleman commoner, son of a baronet, having been beyond measure lawless, was being reprimanded by the tutors. The president, who had been looking the other way, hearing the loud sound of voices, turned around, saw a baronet's son on the opposite side of the table, and taking for granted that the tutors were paying him compliments, chimed in with, "I am very happy, Mr. Blank, to hear what the tutors say of you. Pray tell Sir Charles with my compliments that you are a credit to the college."

The president held with his presidency the country living of Theale, where he was said to preach erudite sermons to the rustics. Routh's Patristic learning, which was then unique and had produced the "Reliquiæ Sacræ," made him a grand card for the Tractarians when their movement began. Yet by those who knew him well it was thought doubtful whether he really cared much about the matter. Curiosity, they said, rather than anything else was the leading motive of his Patristic studies.

Routh had become president before the idea of academic duty had dawned. This perhaps is sufficient excuse for the state of sinecurism and torpor in which to the end of his days he allowed that magnificent college to remain. Roundell Palmer, afterward Lord Selborne, then a fellow of Magdalen, among others moved for reform. But the answer always was: "Wait, sir, till I am gone."

The fellows of Magdalen were a curious assortment. Some were relics of the age depicted in the well known words of Gibbon, using the college as a tavern and a shooting box. Two or three were ascetics of the new Tractarian school. Charles Reade, the novelist, was a non-resident fellow. He came into residence for one year for the sake of holding a college office to which a nomination was attached. His costume was a green frock coat with brass buttons, and his behavior was not less eccentric than his costume. We took him, in fact, to be almost crazy. Of the Tractarians the most notable were James Mozley and William Palmer. Many years afterward when the regius professorship of theology was vacant I was asked by a friend who was a member of the Government whom they ought to appoint. My answer was that of preachers, commentators and writers on ecclesiastical history there were plenty, but that the only theologian in the proper sense of the term known to me was James Mozley. I have no reason to believe that my opinion had any influence in the appointment; but if it had, supposing theology not to be an extinct science, I was justified by the result. Mozley was a Tractarian, but short of Rome.

William Palmer, brother of Roundell Palmer, afterward Lord Selborne, was a man (of genius) whose genius took a singular turn. I saw a good deal of him. Don Quixote did not live in the age of chivalry more completely than did William Palmer in the age of mediæval religion. As an inn was a castle to Don Quixote, to William Palmer the colleges were monasteries, only with a rule unhappily relaxed; the fellows were monks, the scouts or college servants were lay brethren. Protestantism he anathematized, earning thereby the name of "Cursing Palmer." His leaning, however, was not to the Roman but to the Greek Church, which attracted him by its superior rigidity. To bring the Anglican Church into communion with the Greek Church, or rather to get the communion in which he supposed they already were recognized, was the object of his life. For that purpose he went to Russia and there opened before the heads of the Greek Church his budget of high church doctrine, assuring them that such was the creed of the Church of England. But the Evangelical chaplain of the embassy at St. Petersburg, I believe it was, he being called upon for his attestation, declared that the high church doctrines were anathema. An untoward accident occurred. The wife of Palmer's Russian host, travelling in Switzerland, was converted to Protestantism by an English clergyman of the Evangelical party. Her husband was horrified. Palmer had averred that the two churches were in communion with each other. Yet here was an Anglican clergyman converting his wife as if she were a heretic or a heathen. Palmer at once started in chase. He pursued the lady from place to place, entering his caveat when she presented herself to receive the communion from Bishop Spencer, then ministering in Paris; he received some encouragement. Returning to England, he put to each of the Bishops the question whether their Church was in communion with the Greek Church and got a series of evasive replies, the gist of which was that the Greek Church was a long way off. From Archbishop Howley he got two letters but no reply. Then he tried the Anglican Church in Scotland and proposed to attend a synod on the question as the deputy of Bishop Spencer. But the answer was that Bishops could not sit by deputy and that Bishop Spencer was dead. Palmer then resolved to enter the Greek Church. But the Greek Church required him to be rebaptized, and rebaptism in his eyes was unlawful, baptism by heretics being valid. Not very logically he then turned to the Church of Rome, which, however, he succeeded in entering without undergoing the conditional rebaptism commonly required of converts. Here his genius found its grave. Fantastic Egyptology, founded on the fancy that Satan had concocted the Egyptian religion in mockery of Christianity, occupied him till he died.

If William Palmer was an ecclesiastical Don Quixote he was also an ecclesiastical Ulysses. He had seen and studied every variety of religious belief and life. His conversation was most interesting; his language was racy in the highest degree. After his Russian adventure he wrote a book upon church questions which you were allowed to purchase on declaring yourself a faithful layman, and which the virtuoso, if he ever meets with it in a bookstall, not having to make that declaration, will do well to acquire. "Then certain of the baser sort made a conspiracy and cut off his head," this or something like this is the account of the rebellion against Charles I.

It was to Roundell Palmer, then a non-resident fellow of Magdalen, afterward Lord Selborne and Chancellor, who had kindly taken notice of a young student, that I owed my introduction to his brother. I owed to him much more, the boon, for which I could never be sufficiently grateful, of his friendship in after life. His history it is needless to repeat. He was a grand example of the union of high intellectual culture and literary tastes with the greatest professional energy and success. His power of work was wonderful. When he was Attorney-General, about the hardest place then in the world, I called one Wednesday afternoon at his chambers. His clerk said at first that he would see me, then added, "I think you had better not go in." "Why not?" "Sir Roundell has not been in bed this week." Palmer told me afterward that it was true; that he had been working hard to earn his Christmas holiday and had not gone to bed till Wednesday night.

The wit of the Magdalen common room was Newman (not John Henry), a first rate mimic. One day he amused himself by masquerading as a stranger visiting Oxford and hiring a guide to show him around, which the guide did with the usual illustrative comments. When at last they came to Magdalen the guide pointed out the fellows' common room. To his surprise and horror Newman bolted into it and was seen no more.

Now was the crisis of the Tractarian movement, of which the Ritualist movement is the less earnest and masculine successor. The source of Tractarianism is plainly disclosed in the opening of the "Tracts." Liberalism was advancing, the support of the State was failing the church and threatened to be withdrawn from her altogether. She must therefore look for support elsewhere, and she would find it in apostolical succession and the supernatural virtue of the sacraments administered by priestly hands. Oxford with her mediæval colleges and her clerical and celibate fellows was the natural centre of a movement which pointed to revival of the Middle Ages. The dining hall of Magdalen, where the diners usually were so few, was full enough on the day of the ecclesiastical Armageddon, when all the country parsons came up to vote on the condemnation of Ward. I was unlucky in never hearing Newman preach. He had just been forced by the heads of the university to retire from the pulpit of St. Mary's and had withdrawn with a select circle of disciples to his monastery at Littlemore. I heard him read service, which he did in a measured monotone, that he might seem to be the mere mouthpiece of the Church. His face, I always thought, betokened sentiment and acuteness much more than strength. He was always in quest, not of the truth, but of the best system; presenting a sharp contrast to his brother Francis, whom also I knew well, and who through all his changes of opinions sought the truth with singleness of heart. The "Grammar of Assent" is an apparatus for making yourself believe or fancy that you believe things which are good for you but of which there is no proof. It may be doubted whether, when the hot fit of conversion was over, Newman was a hearty Roman Catholic or believed as he vowed he did in St. Januarius and the House of Loretto. Manning accused him of minimizing Catholicism, and he never would make converts from the Anglican Church.

Few of the students of those days, few at least of the intellectual and serious class, were proof against the witchery of Newman's style or failed to be fascinated by his romantic presentation of the mediæval church after the aridity of the "high and dry" regime.

Pusey I used to see going about with sorrowful visage and downcast eyes and looking like the embodiment of his favorite doctrine, the irremissibility of post-baptismal sin. I heard him preach. He was undeniably learned, but by no means logical or clear. His catenas wanted a link. In his moral passages, however, he was highly impressive in his ascetic way.

Manning I saw ascend the pulpit, a most imposing figure, looking like an apparition of the Middle Ages; but I thought him a tinkling cymbal, as in fact he turns out to have been. That he would never have seceded if they would have made him a Bishop was the opinion of his brother-in-law Samuel of Oxford. Of Ward I happened to see a great deal when I was reading with a fellow of Balliol in the vacation and dined in their common room. He was a first rate dialectician, shrinking from no conclusion, and I fancy rather revelling in the uproar which he made. His joyous avowal that clergymen of the Church of England were embracing the whole cycle of Roman doctrine brought matters to a head and forced the hand of Newman, who had probably looked to remaining leader in the Church of England and ultimately negotiating reunion with Rome. Ward's figure was grotesque, almost Falstaffian; though very fat he walked with a sort of skip, and wore low, loose shoes which he had a trick of kicking off. He was a candidate for the fellowship of All Souls in the days when the qualifications for election there were social and candidates were invited to dine with the warden and fellows that their social aptitudes might be seen. Ward, so the story ran, kicked his shoes off under the table; a rival candidate pushed them away from him, and when the party rose to pass from the hall into the common room Ward stood up without his shoes. There was something laughable about all that he said or did. As a mediævalist he advocated clerical celibacy; but to use his own expression, he had not himself the gift of continence, and the ascetics of his party were taken aback by learning that between the acts of his condemnation for Romanism in the theatre he had read a letter from a lady to whom he was engaged. Even in his religious writing there was a friskiness which seemed to show that he enjoyed the fun.

Keble, who with Newman and Pusey made up the Tractarian triumvirate, had left Oxford, married, and taken a country living. Some years afterward I accompanied his friend Judge Coleridge on a visit to his house. He was the embodiment of the sweet, gentle, somewhat mystical and not very masculine poetry of the "Christian Year." Why he had not joined the secession was evident enough. Besides his wife he had a conjugal attachment, like that of George Herbert, to his parish church. I was told that he loved to perform service in it even with a nominal congregation. Nor was he likely to be drawn into anything from which his heart recoiled by the pressure of strict logic. If he was troubled by the lateness of the Tractarian discovery that the Prayer Book, not the Thirty-nine Articles, was the real standard of the Church of England, he could satisfy himself by reference to the analogy of the Christian dispensation, which came late into the world. Butler's "Analogy" was in those days the Oxford Koran, and in its line of argument was found a universal solvent of the theological difficulties. A very great book Butler's "Analogy" undoubtedly is; but the assumption on which it is built, that we should expect in revelation the same difficulties which we find in natural religion, is palpably unfounded. We should expect revelation to be the corrective of the difficulties of natural religion, not their counterpart. Butler, however, was a profound thinker, and in spite of his ecclesiastical trammels nobly loyal to reason and truth.

Curious forms did that resurrection of the ecclesiastical past bring forth, but none more curious than that of John Brande Morris, who in the tower of Exeter College fondly watched for the return of the Dark Ages. He wrote a poem pronounced by some Tractarians equal to Milton's in excellence and superior in subject, in which he spoke of oxen "trained to labor by meek celibacy."

Let me by the way correct a common error which has crept into the work of my excellent friend President White on the "Warfare of Science and Religion."[*] It is a mistake to think that Everett, the American Ambassador, was hooted in the theatre when he was presented for an honorary degree. The hooting was not at Everett but at Jeune, who had made himself very unpopular as proctor. Several of the students were punished for it. I was in the undergraduates' gallery and saw and heard all. Everett was not brought in till long after the hooting had begun. It unluckily happened that there was at the same time a Tractarian opposition among the graduates to Everett's honorary degree on the ground that he was a Unitarian. But the opponents, though they showed their intolerance, did nothing rude.

[*] "A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom," by Andrew Dickson White. 2 vols. New York: Appleton, 1896. The reference is to Vol. 2, pp. 335-336. The incident occurred on June 28, 1843.